

## A Serendipity and Absquatulate Life (\*DISCONTINUED\*)

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# A Serendipity and Absquatulate Life (\*DISCONTINUED\*)

by Anonymous

## Summary

Dream, a broke and tried college student living with his two troublesome if not very protective older brothers and a little brother who is not any less protective as the older but perhaps more chaotic, one day stumbles upon a opportunity that seemly brought a lot more chaos to his already chaotic life.

He wonders if this is a good thing as the added stress doesn't seem to be helping with his declining health.

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AKA BABYSITTER DREAM TRYING TO FIX A FAMILY, HELP HIS OLDER BROTHERS SAM AND PUNZ WITH THE BILLS, TAKE CARE OF YOUNGER BROTHER PURPLED AND THE BENCH TIRO, AND OTHER RANDOM SHENANIGANS HE SOMEHOW GETS INTO (SPOILER: BLAME THE SIMPS FOR THIS).

IN WHICH A MAJORITY ARE FLUFF AND COMDEIC (well...for in the most part anyways :) )

## Notes

I simp for baby-sitter/parent figure Dream, if anyone as any recs pls comment I need more and unfortunately the "Clay | Dream is good with kids' tag is very empty ;-;

ANYWAYS-

No actual people, everything is just made by my own imagination and need for some comforting Dream fics.

Death, illness, trauma, and lost will be talked about so be careful if that triggers anybody. If it is a particularly heavy chapter I'll make sure to put warnings in the notes.

Enjoy the request page! :]

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Request Page!

HELLO THERE FELLOW HUMANS!

Things I'll write! -

-Fluff

-Angst

-Romance

-Ships! Dreambur, Fundywastaken, Dreamnap, DNF (I'm a little hesitant on this one since I don't really ship DNF that much but its okay), Dreamnotmap and I suppose any other romances options aswell (if they are okay with shipping)

There is no endgame yet as this is not romance focused but still, the dream harem tag is also very bare.

-Sam/Ponk, never wrote before it but I'll consider chapter or two with it :3

Things I won't write -

-Smut

-Dreamnoblade (No offense to anyone that ships it, I just want them to be friends and it would be weird due to events that go on)

-Dream/Illumia Ship, I don't really know illumia so I don't feel comfortable writing it

-Any romance that involves the minors

-Any romance involving Dream with Sam or Punz (Their not blood related here but their still brothers so ew)

im not really open to my discomforts so I'll probably add on to this list, please respect me if I were to deny any request that make me uncomfortable

These are mostly Dream centered(I'm very much a dream simp/apologist), but you can request anything anything else with the other guys as well (I promise some dad sam and Tommy eventually)

I am certainly not very knowledgable when it comes to babysitting, college shenanigans and another stuff more social people do, so if you want to see a certain event or situation just comment! :D

# Come Along With Me (1) (1/?) (almost done editing)

## Chapter Summary

Pleasant beginning? More like a stressful.

## Chapter Notes

A bit of a slow chapter haha

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"Please...Satan take me now."*

If someone were to describe what Dream looked like as of now, they would call him a dead body who someone forgot to bury and decided to just drag and seat him in the cafeteria to no one's notice.

Dream is that body.

The dirty-blond was currently face-first on the lunch table, using the backpack as a make-shift pillow (a lumpy and paper filled pillow) as his laptop stayed open for everyone to see a half-backed essay.

He was almost as dead as a log, a rotting log if he had to be specific. He had a tiresome week with many tests and homework, and if he were to shred the amount of over-due homework assignments he could possibly make two pillows with that.

The sweet bliss of death was near, if only he wasn't pulled back to life by a pull of his shoulder.

Dream met the eyes of his two best friends, one with a blue and another brown while the other male had two bright brown eyes and a big goofy smile. The brown eyed boy wears the orange varsity jacket and blue jeans, a t-shirt with a fire symbol, he was holding a large bag of what Dream assumes is whatever home-cooked meal the raven has made. He had the white bandana that he had never seen him take off. His other friend with heterochromia eyes just had a blue jean jacket and his usual '404' lighter blue shirt and white shirt with jeans, his white sunglasses were hanging on

his head. His hair brunette looked disheveled, to what can only be assumed that the brunette had woken up only moments ago. He was carrying a few but very thick books in his arms.

Dream gave them a tired smile.

“Dream is having dreams?” Sap teased, sitting to the right of his blonde friend.

George sat on the left side, slamming a couple of books onto the table with an ungodly amount of post-it notes. “You good?” He asked.

Dream just groaned into his backpack, receiving a laughed from his friends.

He had known these guys for as long as he remembers, since childhood. Well more like young adolescents, getting practically got dragged out of his backyard when encountering them and they had be inseparable ever since.

Dream let out a long whine, finally lifting his head up a bit to mumble “I just got fired.”

“Was it for sleeping?” George said uncaringly, opening his a book filming it to a page with an especially large amount of post-its.

Dream nodded, it was for that more or less. Along with his dazed mind accidentally dropping a box onto his boss (who Dream swears was out to get him).

“I’ve just been so tired lately.”

“Dude that sucks.” Sap said, a bit more sympathetically than his British friend.

Dream had a certain luck when it came to getting and losing part time jobs. He had luck with almost everything else but being able to get a job and even less so when it came to keeping it. Dream would be lucky if he even had a job longer than a month. It was a comedic trope in a sitcom, a sitcom where he just suffers (he is being a bit dramatic, but still-).

“So what's the next place you're going to apply?” George asked, looking quite amused at his friend's luck.

Dream cringed a bit.

“That's the thing, maybe...I should drop out?”

The air got cold.

It was almost as if he told them he was dying.

George closed his book while Sap almost spit out his food.

“ *What.* ” They said at the same time, worriedly.

“Classes are just so time consuming, even if i have mostly online classes this semester, things would be just easier if i just...drop out and try to get a full time job instead. It would make things way more easier for us.”

‘*Us*’ referring to his 'brothers', they all had to resort to getting by with crapping jobs trying to just pass by.

While they aren't biologically brothers, it just started off as a joke/tease before it just became natural to refer each other as so. Along with the fact they practically raised him and treated him as such (though their protective instincts are a bit overboard).

“I don’t know.” Dream grimed.

“Dude, they will kill you if you drop out.” George said, gaining his calm attitude back.

“More like massacre.” Sap agreed, sipping on a juice box.

Sam was smarter and Punz was more on the athletic side, both not being able to go to complete college due to not fitting with their already hectic life (along with Purpled practically being dropped on their doorstep just did it more.)

Dream getting a full scholarship was a fucking god-sent, he worked his ass off for it but didn't actually think he was going to get it. He never felt more proud of, Punz tired to hide how proud he was of him (failing completely) while Sam and his boyfriend Ponk acted like proud parents, Ponk even bought the cheesy bumper sticker (those that were along the lines of “My kid goes to this college and so please notice how much of a great child I raised and how much they suck compare to yours”\* or that is how Punz described them) for his car (Dream planned on destroying it but all his attempts were in vain, he swears Ponk printed more than one or something. Dream swears he lives to embarrass- )

Even though with that, Dream hasn't crossed off dropping out as option.

“I know, but things would be so much easier if I leave.” Dream straighten up his back, leaning onto the chair as he hangs his head back, “Having job means money, having full-time job means even more money! Have you seen why I have came out with this conclusion yet?” Dream joked lightheartedly.

“But you worked your ass for this.” George plainly said, giving a small frown.

“If you guys are really desperate for money I don't mind loaning some cash-” Dream almost falls out of his chair before interrupting his raven-hair best friend's sentence.

“Nope- its fine, really, please, no.” He said quickly.

Dream really did not want to drag any of his friends, they weren't that desperate.

He knew that George had a lot on his plate due to his strict and overbearing parents and that Sap was saving up for an apartment for them both. Them along with Quackity and Karl have been trying to save up and live together, they offered Dream but he declined.

He didn't want them to be any less closer for that.

It's always been a prideful thing for him to not ask for too much or any help at all. Wasting people's time or money was not really something he likes to do, even if it were the last thing to do.

"We have been friends forever, I don't mind helping y'all-"

"Nope we're fine-"

"Come on Dream-"

"Shut Sap, we're scraping by. We're fine, really."

Sap was going to argue before once again being interrupted with a high pitch voice.

"Dreamy!"

Dream felt a force wrap his hands around his shoulder, immediately knowing who it was. From the coffee and computer-room smell, it's hard not to guess who it is.

"Hey Fundy." Dream said tiredly but trying to be a bit cheerful, accepting the random hug awkwardly.

Dream chooses to ignore the glares he gave to the red-head.

"What do you want?" George said mumbled coldly.

It was odd the weird way George and Sapnap hated Fundy, Dream found it amusing of course but not any less weird. He tried to get an answer on why they would hate the red-head but all he got was mumbles and weirdly red faces.



Fundy gasps dramatically, putting his hand on his chest while still hugging Dream with one. “Wow cannot i just talk to my beloved ex-boyfriend.” He had a sly smile that only people like Dream could miss completely, though Dream did notice how Fundy came back to hugging him.

If looks could kill, Dream swears that Fundy would be dead ten-times over.

“Nope, not when you have your own actual (fucking) boyfriend.” Sap grumbled, angrily taking a bite of his sandwich.

“Ignore them, they are just jealous cause all of their exes tried to kill them.” Dream snorted.

They dated a while back in high school, they broke up mutually when they both got too busy and other things came up, surprisingly though they stayed friends. Dream has even met Fundy's new boyfriend 5up, and even with the odd name Dream has discovered that he is quite down to earth and pretty chill (though it hurt a bit as they started dating not even near a month of being broken up). They're not best friends by any means but their still pretty chill, since they do share a course and major in computer programing and technology.

“Anyway, what do you need?” Dream asked.

“A big BIG favor.” Fundy pushes George to seat next to Dream, much to the annoyance of the brunette, “I have a gift for my friend Wilbur but I’m going to be busy this weekend so i was wondering if you could perhaps deliver it for me?”

"Wilbur? Uhh that brown-hair dude?" Dream question, only really faintly of the name being tossed around occasionally.

Fundy nodded.

“Where is it?”

“Near L’manburg ave.”

“The rich neighborhood?” It wasn't exactly the rich neighborhood, it was the *filthy* rich neighborhood. All the blue-collared people Dream has known were from there, they were nice but you could tell from a mile away they had it easy.

It was also quite far away from where Dream lives.

“Yep.”

Dream thought for a moment.

“What do i get in return?”

“My affections.” He raised his eyebrows suggestively, gaining a gag sound from Sapnap.

Dream rolled his eyes.

“Anything else? Like something actually valuable?” He deadpanned.

“You're so mean.” He pouted. “I'll buy you dinner? Like from that tai (or was it Mexican?) place?”

Free food? For an almost couple miles bike ride (not counting the bus ride he would probably had to take)?

“Sure.” Dream said with a sigh (it was too good to pass up).

Fundy dug in his backpack for a while and gave him a rather big parcel. It had a very colorful pink and yellow paper cover it with a orange ribbon, the patters were of cute...ant eaters? Pigs? Dream couldn't tell.

“What the fuck are you giving him a bomb or something?” Dream weighted the thing with his hands, he didn't dare to shake it though, scared of what monster prank-thing was in it.

“Well not *exactly* but you don’t have to know that.” Fundy said a mischievously glint in his eye.

“I fear for you enemies, Fundy.” Dream laughed.

Fundy just smirked.

“Thanks Dream! (Oh how I cannot wait to see his face-)” Fundy said childishly before leaving off.

Dream grabbed his backpack and put the parcel in, looking at his phone for the time, realizing he was about to be late. He got up quickly and shoved the rest of his things in backpack. George and Sapnap looked like they were going to say something before Dream bolted out.

“FUCK, i have to go to class, text ya’ll later.” He left, hearing their goodbyes in the background.

He was already in the hallway when he realized he fucked up for the second time in a row, feeling his chest get heavy as he struggle to breath and began to cough. Dream took a quick stop to the bathroom and tried to breath slowly to regain his breath. He removed his face-mask and coughed harshly into his hand, blood lying on his palm.

Of course he forgot to take his meds today, he feels like he has been forgetting a lot of things lately. Though forgetting this? Its like he is really asking for his death.

Dream got out pills from his bag and took one, shaking the container slightly to notice he had around three pills left.

*Of course, fantastic.*

Dream hopes Quackity has any more in storage.

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(And as if the world kept spinning as one person is suffering, there is other who are also. Introducing two more hopeless souls.)

“Agghhhhhh!”

Techno was the tired one who was currently sitting on an office chair, grasping and pulling his pink hair strains while the tired twin, Wilbur, was sat face-first on the couch, seemingly endlessly screaming into a pillow.

The men looked tired, lying and sitting around their house’s study room looking absolutely defeated.

“I cannot BELIEVE they made another babysitter run-off!” The pinketet said, pinching at his temple leaning back on the chair. “I swear to the fucking blood god, those brats are going to be end of us.”

Wilbur got up, his face still on the pillow not on his face but on his side, “I thought things were going to get easier, it seems like it has gotten harder.” He whined.

They couldn’t blame them, you really couldn’t but still, over the year they had over twenty to thirty babysitters and they had either quit or were disasters. It was getting ridiculous.

Techno groaned, grabbed a photo frame that was faced down on his pristine desk, the thing looking old and sorta dusty but was filled with nostalgia.

The photo frame was rather old looking, it was wood with bird and vine carvings all surrounding it, with a phrase carved on the bottom, “*Birds of a Feather.*”

It was a simple picture, Wilbur was seventeen and still had his guitar, he was smiling with a peace sign behind Techno. Techno didn't dye his hair at that point, his hair being short and brown. In the picture he looked annoyed but if you squint you could see a slight grin. The three gremlins were being holded by each of them. Tommy was squirming in Wilbur’s arms with an angry expression, while Tubbo was sucking his thumb while being carried by Techno and then Ranboo was quietly hugging Phil with a curious face staring back at the camera.

Wilbur and Techno had to take on the company name and unlike their father, they could not find a good balance of family and work.

Time was slow, and over this year it has gone in particularly slow. When Techno and Wil became twenty a couple months before their dad's death, the world felt as if it was in their palms. Now w in their palms is just a bunch paper and melatonin gummies.

It really hasn't been easy. Ranboo was already an anxious kid, before getting adopted he couldn't bear to look at any of them fleeing (all except for Phil) and while not as bad as before Ranboo's anxiety clearly has gotten worst. Tubbo got extremely clingy at times, his fear of loud noises and nightmares seem to have gotten worse. And Tommy...Tommy just couldn't comprehend the term 'death', his attitude and just genuine loudness getting worst by the hearing loss from everyone around.

It has been a difficult year to say the least, though there are small victories like being able to be around Tommy without a tantrum or Ranboo being able to leave out the house willingly.

Still, it feels like a new challenge is always at arise around the corner.

Techno put down the picture again, stretching his arms out.

“So, who are the new victims?” He sarcastically said staring up at the ceiling.

Wilbur walked towards him, seating on the desk looking through files.

“I think for all the money in the world, we can only hire homeless looking people.” The brunette snorted. “None of these people look like they can handle the three of them, and or belong in jail.”

He passed the files to Techno, and Techno saw what he meant. He browsed and saw no one really noticeable or be able to withstand the troublesome trio.

Wilbur pointed one out.

“This one is from a babysitters website, it says they are pretty strict.”

This time it is Techno who snorted.

“I think they can break him in two days max.”

Wilbur sighs.

“At this point we should just schedule a bunch of them in a row when they quit.”

“If we do that, we would probably never see another applicate ever again.” Techno laughed.

They both groaned.

“This is hopeless, I could always try to stretch my schedule and maybe-”

“You tried that, you passed out under a week.” Techno deadpanned.

Techno feels sorry for dragging Wilbur with him. Techno was the one who was made to become the next successor after Phil, Techno didn't particularly mind as he enjoys this whole business thing but Wilbur... Wilbur was meant for something else. He was the more creative of them both, enjoyed singing and did theater in highschool. He was studying for a music degree before Phil died. Techno couldn't handle it, so Wilbur made it for them both to be in that lead role. Wilbur handles the more social aspects while Techno handles the business things. He knows Wilbur would be better off if he were just to decide not to help him anymore, but the stubborn bastard still stuck with him.

He can't help but feel guilty though, like he wasted his twin's potential.

“Lets try this one out,okay?” He said, pointing one of the applicants out.

“ ‘kay” He nodded.

Wilbur looked at the clock, “It's about dinner time, are you going to eat now or later?”

“Later” Techno went back to looking at his papers, hopefully he is luck enough to eat actual dinner tonight and not have to wait for breakfast.

“Got it, remember we promise to stay home tomorrow and play minecraft or something with the

little gremlins.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Fuck, we got something planned?”

Techno looked through his schedule binder.

“I feel like we do but it says nothing.”

“Maybe you're just paranoid, like always.” Wilbur snickered.

“Hopefully”

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He was really tired.

Good, social, and big brother Wilbur, is *tired*.

Wilbur tuned out everything as he ate, words came and left out of his ear as his brother Tommy rambling how boring school was and how stupid their teachers are or something of the other, Tubbo chimed in at times.

Ranboo ate in his usual silence, though it seemed like Wilbur didn't notice he was nodding onto whatever Tommy was ranting on.

Wilbur wished he could sleep but he hasn't eaten since the dinner last night.

“Are you even paying attention?” Tommy said, sounding annoyed.

“I was.” He said dully.

“What did we say?” Tubbo asked.

He just sighs, he feels a headache coming.

“I have a lot on my mind,okay? Hearing about you complaining about teachers is not really my main focus.” He said angrily.

He expected Tommy to blow up or something of the other but nothing came.

Tommy just looked at him defeated, staying silent.

“I’m sorry for snapping, I’m just a bit stressed.”

“That’s okay.” Tubbo mumbled.

“I promise we are going to hang out all day tomorrow Saturday, you can tell me whatever you guys want then.”

The three of them glowed, lighting up.

“Really?” Tubbo squealed.

“Even Techno?” Ranboo said excitedly.

“Yurp, cross on my heart, though we are going to be meeting with the new babysitter for a bit.”

Tommy grimaced.

“ *Great.* ” He stabbed his carrots.



“I swear it will be at least thirty minutes, if you don’t like them then we won’t hire them.”

“Why can’t *you* just stay here? Or Techno?”

“Because we just can’t”

“I miss Phil.” Tommy whispered.

“Me too, tom.”

They stayed silent for the rest of the dinner.

---

Dream knew that Fundy came from an affluent family (the man fucking rented a whole restaurant for their FIRST date) and therefore his friends were on the richer side as well.

He did not expect a whole ass mansion though. I mean it wasn’t no Beverly Hills celebrity mansion but it was pretty huge.

He couldn’t help but feel a bit anxious, he wasn’t sure if it was because he definitely somewhere he definitely did not belong or that he had an interview later today and needed to change to something at least a bit more presentable (It was an actual decency paying part-time job. )

He chose to wear his face mask, and wear his typical green hoodie with a white t-shirt. It was cold that day so he had his hood up, Dream was told in the morning by Purpled that he looked like a robber.

Dream had a plan, drop off the package, he will bike back home and change and he will be back to the interview at around two am.

This was a fool-proof plan, it will take a max of thirty minutes to get back home and another thirty for changing and going to the interview.

He might even have spare time and perhaps eat something.

If he didn't get the job, he will really need to consider getting a full time job and drop out.

But that won't happen, everything will go smoothly.

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"Fuck Fuck Fuck!"

Wilbur yelled, scrambling around the big house, trying to prepare everything.

How the fuck did they forget they had a meeting that day?????

"Wilbur! You said that you and the blade are staying today." Tommy yelled, following the older men around as they scramble to get their shit together.

"Theseus, we're already late, we can have a day together another time."

"You said that last time." Ranboo chimed in, seating on their couch, Tubbo seating next to him with his bee plushie.

"Next time." Techno said in an angry tone..

(They were too much in a hurry to even notice the disappointed tones in the boys' voices. )

Their bell rang.

"That must be him, bye brats." Techno said, putting his long hair into a ponytail.

They ussal did not leave a babysitter who they haven't interviewed with their siblings but Wilbur got into a call with them and they sounded decent enough.

If they could survive today, then they will get paid and hired. Hopefully they don't run away in the middle of it though, that has happened before.

Wilbur opened the door but his phone rang at the same time, he began talking to the person on the other line.

“Hi-

“You must be the babysitter!” He greeted him, shaking his hand fast.

“Tommy is a brat, Ranboo is shy, Tubbo may ask you random questions, don’t quit before we come back home.” Techno said strictly waking past them both pulling Wilbur. “Come we are late!”

Both of the men passing by the blonde in a rush, really hoping to not come home to a burning house.

“Have fun!” They both yelled driving away and before Dream could stop them.

They left a very dumb founded Dream, carrying a oversized package, a couple of hours before his interview and with children he already forgot the names of.

“What. the. fuck.”

And this is when his fool-proof plan started to crumble down.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm in high school so I am super unsure how college works hahah 😊

I also got burnt out towards the end ;-;

Hope ya enjoyed it! :]

## **And Butterfly And Bees (2) (2/?) (edited?)**

### Chapter Summary

Dream is stressed and he feels like giving up on life pt 2

### Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late updates! School is kicking my ass but my vacation is here soon so I may actually be able to do weekly chapters soon! :D

I did not really expected a lot of people to read this, so thank you for the support and nice comments! :D

While writing this I was trying to think what would the children from hell would want from a babysitter and I just came to one conclusion.

Genuine attention/affection and pancakes.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

How?

How does he get himself in these situations?

Dream is just processing what has just happened, frozen in place.

Here he is standing in the middle of a (very large) living room with children (who he did in-fact forgot the names of) with one of them giving him a glare that only George gives to him and Sapnap when they do something in particularly dumb.

Dream stares at them dumbfoundedly, the two out of the three of them stare back, the third boy looking nervous.

The three were like in a height order, tallest being the raven haired and shortest being the brunette, in the middle is the blonde. They were also color-coded, they were in black, red and green pajamas in that order. The blonde being the one to get off the couch and walk towards him.

The boy had a particular pair of baby blue eyes that he has seen, his curly blond hair being a very vibrant shade of yellow that may put the sun to shame with a lighter strain of blonde almost white hair hitting his face.

“You don’t look like a babysitter.” He said loudly, walking towards Dream, circling around him almost as if he was sizing him up, blowing a strain of hair out of his face's way as doing so, he gave Dream a smirk, “You look like a bitch boy.”

Dream sputtered almost comedically. Some random eight-year old kid called him a bitch boy, what is his life right now?

The shortest of the boys came up to him, jumping around him looking incredibly interested in the package he holds.

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are you like Ranboo? What's in the package? Who are you? Do you have a name?-" he was almost running circles around him, letting out a small gasp, “Do you like bees? You have a bee clip, that is so cool! I love bees-”

Dream was getting dizzy.

This shortest of the boys was quite, well, short. His messy honey brown hair barely covering his darker color of blue eyes than the boy before. His hair was the type that really puffed up and fluffy looking. He carried a big yellow and slightly orangish bee plush that looked like it was very loved as for the fact it was slightly ripping, making a clear statement to Dream that this kid was obsessed with bees.

The kid looked at Dream bright eyed while the other just seemed to glare at him, the third boy didn’t even get up to greet him, just sat down fiddling his thumbs while still seating.

He looked like the odd one out of the three. Having a set of dark-raven colored hair and his being far straighter than the other two, his hair also contained white stripes. He was wearing dark tinted sunglasses and a black/white dual face mask and even when sitting down Dream could see he was the tallest of the three.

*What an odd trio*

"I'm hungry!" The blonde one whined, pulling one of his arms.

The brunette then pulled his other, "I want to go play!" He yelled.

Both of them pulled him to different directions, while Dream was still recovering from his shock of this very situation, the raven-hair giving him a 'this always happens' look.

"No no no- I am *not* your babysitter." Dream said, staying in place causing the kids to drop on the floor when trying to pull again, they stayed silently looking at him

"I-I was just here to deliver-."

"He's a robber!" The brunette yelled, letting go of his hand immediately.

The blonde one gasped loudly, "I told you he didn't look like a babysitter! ATTACK!"

"Wait what-"

The tallest jumped on his back, causing him to fall on the floor forward and throwing the package somewhere when trying to keep balanced. He felt the other two jump on his back as-well, causing him to face-palm onto the the hard wooden floor.

"Haha that's what you deserve!" Laughed the blonde. "I told you this plan would always work!" The other two seemed to giggled I agreement.

God does not exist, and or is just laughing with Satan for his mishaps.

Dream is *so* going to kill the furry now.

With his new found fury, he tried his best to get up and failed, the boys putting their weight and pushing him to the floor. He could get up but that would mean he would throw them off and he really didn't want to hurt the brats. He really wanted to get up though. The short and tall one were

directly on his mid and lower back while the blonde was on his shoulder holding his head down.

This kids were surprisingly strong, actual robbers should be warned to rob house.

“I am NOT a robber-”

“That's what they say” the blonde interrupted, forcefully pulling his hood down, “Why are you wearing a mask then?”

“Uhhh-” It didn't cross his mind that did in fact made him look suspicious, he should really trust his brothers judgments sometimes.

“Exactly! Your going to go and murder us and take all of our money.” The brunette said dramatically, Dream could feel the kid doing dramatic hand gestures while saying that.

Dream huffed.

“I am not a robber! And I am not going to kill you guys!” He left the last unsaid, If no one taught him better he would have probably done the last part, Punz would be proud but he fears the pain Sam would inflict for even thinking so. “ I just came to give a package.”

“Full of bombs?” He sneered.

“No!” he was actually not sure, if it is Fundy you never know, *wait a minute-*“ Do you guys know Fundy? Is he like the your brothers friend or-”

“You know the furry?” The shortest said, the third one looking at him in surprise.

*Ah yes, the universal english language word for knowing Fundy.*

“ Yes ,” he said tiredly dramatic, “Can I please be let go now?”

They sat thinking for a while before the blonde spoke up.

“How are we sure you know the furry and not here to murder us?” The kid said still skeptical.

“No! How do you kids even know what murder is?”

“Techno lets us watch netflix without the kid filter.” The burnette cheerly said.

This caused Dream to raise his eyebrow but he shook it off.

“I am NOT going to murder you all, i know Fundy because we dated-”

“And you're after revenge!” Blonde yelled.

“No! We're still good friends- anyways I was just here to deliver that package for him.” Dream pointed at the lying package, “And I am pretty sure it says his name on it.”

The tallest got up from him and checked, he looked at the package carefully before letting out a thumbs up, alarming them the name was in fact there.

“See!” Dream shook his hands up.

The short one looked convinced and jumped off him, while the blonde still looked skeptical and sat on his back steadily.

“I don't trust you.”

Dream groaned, face falling to the floor.

Someone, please save him.



“What do I have to do for you to let me go?” He whined.

The kids thought for a moment, the blonde one was going to say something before a loud rumble noise came from the trio of them and then them flushing red from embarrassment.

Dream let out a stifled laugh, he could feel the blonde one get angry from that.

“We’re not hungry…” He muttered out.

Dream rolled his eyes, “Of course not.”

While teasing these kids seemed like a very fun activity, he really had to get going. Being late to the interview was the last thing he wants, or missing it completely.

*Hmm*

A lightbulb then shined in his head.

“How about a deal.” They looked at him curiously.

“I can make breakfast for y'all? I’m not your babysitter but I still cook okay-ish? But you would have to set me free.”

“Is that a bribe?” The brunette said, appearing in front of him.

Dream blinked, *how do these kids know these words?*

“Yes?” He said hesitantly

The brunette stomach rumbled and he looked at the other with the big puppy-dog eyes.

He seems to try to resist before sighing.

“What can you make?” The blonde poked his cheek, still having the same scowl as before.

“Uhh eggs? Omelets, scrambled.” They didn’t look amused “Uhh waffles, pancakes-”

“Pancakes!” The brunette cheered. “Can you really make pancakes?”

“Yep.”

“Are they any good?” The blonde raised his eyebrow.

“Uhhh good enough?” Dream admitted.

The two other boys pulled on the blonde’s sleeve, seemingly giving an approval to this trade (he just bribed like ten-years, kill him-).

“Hmm... fine.” He complied, getting up from his back.

Dream sighed, today is going to be a tough day,huh? Thank god Dream had come early, he could do this quickly or try too.

“You kids are a menace.” He said lightheartedly, getting up.

They seemed to sour at the comment, which confused him but Dream ignored it.

“Just feed us,” The blonde complained, practically pushing him.

*These kids are something else.*

---

Dream walked around for a moment before finding the kitchen (it was like a maze and he swears that he heard giggling from behind him, they pushed him around trying to 'help' him but it seemed like they were just trying to get him lost .)

He looked around in the cabinets and fridge (he felt so awkward, he was in a strangers house and looking through these cabinets like a weirdo, he knows this is an invasion of privacy.), he found them surprisingly empty. The only part that was not empty was the freezer with a horrifying large amount of microwave heated meals and foods.

*Do these people not cook? This can't be healthy.*

Dream feels like a middle aged woman by thinking that, or Sam.

“Do you guys have any mix? Or do we have to make it up by scratch?” He asked, looking for a particular red batter box.

“What does ‘scratch’ mean?” The brown haired asked.

Dream looked around and it seemed like he was the only one who followed Dream fully, leaving only two in the large kitchen. The boy was sitting on a stool near the island table.

“Oh it just means just starting things from the beginning.”

“I don’t get it.” He tilted his head confusedly.

Dream began grabbing pans and bowls, well tried,he was still looking for them (this place is like a maze, the kitchen itself is like the same size as their apartment, “Hmm let's say like this situation, a mix has all the ingredients in it to start making batter and then the pancake but since we have none, we have to rebuild what the mix has and start from the very beginning.”

The boy scrunched his nose in confusion, he walked up to Dream and took out the pans holded out the pans.

“Thank you” he said awkwardly, scratching behind his neck, taking the pans.

He walked back to the stool.

“So, like making a building from nothing? You build it ‘by scratch’?”

“Yeah, you got it.” Dream said happily, searching the fridge for milk and eggs.

Dream didn’t notice how the boy sucked in the praise, looking quite happy with himself.

Dream looked around for other ingredients, not noticing the boy was still there and that another came in.

“Hmm, eggs, flour, salt, butter, where is the sugar and baking powder?” He mumbled, beginning to look around and slamming around the cabinets again.

He was going to look around again, before being surprised by the raven haired boy.

“Shit- You scared me.” He admitted.

The boy looked guilty, but held out the baking powder apologetically.

“Uh thanks.” He grabbed the powder.

“Ranboo was making a volcano! Cool, right?” Dream jumped again, the other boy suddenly appearing behind him and passing the sugar onto the counter.

“That is pretty cool, nice going.” He subconsciously petted the tall boy as he would do with his own little brother, the boy quickly moved and dogged away.

“Oh- I’m sorry.” He said quickly, retracking his hand.

“Ranboo doesn't like strangers, especially when they touch him without permission.” The boy said, protectively going in front of the tall boy.

“I’m so sorry, Ranboo.” Dream said, feeling guilty, “Is there anything else I need to know?”

“What?” Both boys looked confused.

“Uhh like anything that makes you guys feel bad or if you are allergic to something- just anything?” He said awkwardly, he really should have asked this first but he didn't expected to interact with these kids at all.

The boys looked at each other for a moment, the brunette pulled each other to the very corner to talking, it was weird but Dream can’t judge.

He did the same with Foolish whenever asking their mom something or making an agreement.

Well, they *did* .

He stared at the baking items for a moment, old memories flooding in.

Dream shook it off.

*Nostalgia hurts, It hurts a lot.*

He began to count the ingredients again, realizing that he needed a strainer and measuring cups.

Dream sighs and begins once again with looking, he is getting tired of this.

He felt a tug on his sweater, looking down to see the short boy with a serious look.

“Ranboo doesn't like to be made to talk to adults, or to take off his glasses and gloves in front as well. Tommy hates small spaces and I don't like loud noises.” He said with a straightening his back and looking quite serious.

Dream nodded, memorizing that.

“Thank you for telling me, I'll make sure to remember that.” Dream was going to be retracted quickly, “Force of habit.” He shrugged.

Tubbo grabbed Dream's hand and put it on his head, “I'm okay with it! But I think Tommy would bite you.” He giggled.

“I'll keep that in mind.” He laughed, “Do you know where the-”

“Weird thing with holes and cups?”

Dream smile.

“Exactly, thank you.” He smiled.

He began to get to work and the boy hovered around him, looking at him with excitement.

“Do you want to help uhhhh?” The boy smiled brightly, happily nodding.

“Tubbo! It's Tubbo and can I really?” He said excitedly, almost jumping up and down.

“Yeah, sure, you want to sift the flour and powder?” Tubbo nodded once again.

Tubbo moved the stool near the counter (since he couldn't reach) and looking extremely excited.

Dream passed the strainer to Tubbo, telling him to hold still and shake it once he was done pouring

in the ingredients. Dream began to pour and then gave him a go-to to shake.

“Okay, so do it-”

Tubbo shook it quickly, causing all the powder to fly all over the place and his elbow accidentally hitting and dropping the eggs and cup of milk that were perched up next to them.

“...gently.”

The dust landed all over the counter and onto Dream's face and clothing, the powder only covered Tubbo's face. The eggs landed on the floor and the milk began dripping, causing a mess.

The nine year old looked devastated, “I’m sorry I ruined it.”

Dream chuckled, grabbing towels (that are thankfully next to him) and passing some to the boy to clean his face.

“It's fine, who said cooking was clean?” He began to clean up the floor, Tubbo going to help as well, still looking quite guilty.

“I didn’t think it was behind me, I didn't see it.” Tubbo said, whipping, still sounding and looking guilty while wiping.

“Kid, it is really okay.” He took off his powder covered sweater and wrapped it around his waist almost like an apron, mumbling hoping that there was more eggs “There is no need to cry over spilled milk.”

He pulled his sleeve nervously, “I really couldn’t see it.”

Dream have never seen a kid looking so guilty before, it is starting to make him guilty. Dream wiped his dusk covered hands. Dream noticed right away of the problem, noticing the kid constantly blowing his bangs out the way. The kid's bangs was just far too long on his face.

Dream removed his bee-hair clip (he stole it from Punz, he was pretty sure he wouldn't miss it) and bent down onto one knee, getting to the size of Tubbo (who was still cleaning the floor and looked confused). He backed the boy's bangs back up and clipped it with it, revealing his big round dark blue eyes.

"Its really fine, here this might help." Tubbo gasps and looking beyond enthusiastic and happy. "Is that okay?"

"Yes!" He jumped on the stool again and admired it via the window screen.

"Alright let's start again."

And he nodded eagerly.

(Dream really should not be taking this much time, he still needs to make it to the interview and then murder the furry for this (maybe a little less since he is having fun a bit but still).)

## Chapter End Notes

Comedy, my go to coping mechanism~;/j

I really need to edit these chapters...but in the meantime I'll work on chapter 3-

ANYWAYS

Any requests are welcomed! I really enjoy writing brotherly fluff and actually need some ideas for Wilbur and Techno with the boys ideas! Any with Dream and his siblings or the boys are welcomed aswell! Feral boys inc aswell, I have some drama and humor for them and ideas for their mishaps are welcomed >:D

This story has a ending but it is mostly plotless (MOSTLY) so as long as it follows my comforts and discomforts from the request page, any requests are fine :D

Anyways, have a good day and I hope you enjoyed this chapter! :D



# **We Can Wonder Through The Forest (3) (3/?) (Unedited)**

## Chapter Summary

Part Three, the continuation of making pancakes and a bit of a filler chapter if were being honest here.

## Chapter Notes

So...Hi?

Yeah this summer has been really eventful and author's block has really been a bitch, along with my mental issues. I sorta fell off this story when I rewrote the chapter like five times and got really frustrated, I though actually giving myself a deadline would help but it just made things worst

I am so sorry about all of this, my mental health is still not the greatest right now so I cannot promise much but I can say this fic is not discontinued! I have a really bad thing were I just feel like something is not good enough then therefore I cannot upload it or else I feel like I am disappointing someone, I'm like a huge people pleaser so things like that are sorta tough.

It might not be the best but I hope ya'll enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Very odd.

The masked man looked odd, very odd to Tubbo.

While Ranboo had a face-mask, it was cool looking, while his was- well.... weird. It looked like one of those that you could get in a hospital, just with a drawn curved line making a smiling face. It was quite creepy looking, though for some reason Tubbo didn't feel freaked out by it.

Tubbo giggled, looking at the man more closely he really reminded him of one of those alien things from that baby show he hears Techno talk about.

The tall man had these nerdy oval green framed glasses that looked like it frames looked like it was broken over and over again, having the tape wrapped in multiple places. His hair was long and being holded in a short ponytail, it was not as long as Techno.

And also had these baggy green sweaters and white shirt that was long enough that it was longer than the sweater, it was pretty long and so when he was using it as an apron it hit his knees.

He really didn't look intimidating at all, sorta just a big looking dork. Which wasn't a bad thing! The man makes up for it with the cool bee hairpin (Tubbo hopes he will let him keep it) and is nice enough.

Tubbo could tell, he could always tell when someone is nice. Nice in the way that they would share their candies with you and not in the bad-fake way like teachers and those people his dad used to talk to.

Plus he is going to make them pancakes! Which just doubles his niceness points! (bribery or not, pancakes just make everything better)

It then dawns onto Tubbo, as the masked man began to pour the ingredients to their respected measurements, Tubbo pulled his sleeve,

"Hm?" The man stopped.

"What's your name? You haven't told me!"

The man sorta stuttered for a bit, looking a bit embarrassed via his ears becoming a bit red making Tubbo giggled.

"Uhh its Dream."

Tubbo tilted his head, "Dream?"

"Yep" *Dream* chuckled

"Wow, your name is very cool, very weird but also cool."

Dream started before I began to laugh, “I don’t know if i should feel happy or offended?”

“It's a compliment!” Tubbo yelled, pouting as Dream continued to laugh.

Even though he was pouting, Tubbo felt happy.

He hopes that Dream will stay around longer. Like how dad says it, “*His good company*” .

(though that's unlikely,

everyone gets tired of him and his brothers after a while.

It's always like that in the end.)

---

“Can I pour it? I promise not to spill anything!”

Dream raised an eyebrow.

“And sift it?”

The brunette boy nodded.

“Are you sure you can handle it?” He chuckled, the kid only responded with a determined smile and nod.

Dream honestly wanted to get this over with (having an already tight time-limit to chew out Fundy for getting him into this mess and to fix it while to at least get the chance to go to fail the interview) but he had never seen a kid look so determined over pancakes and it was honestly (very) adorable.

Dream was a softy, sue him.

Dream sighs, “Go ahead, I’m going to melt the butter, just make sure to do it *gently*, alright?” He received another nod, the kid’s aura suddenly changing to complete seriousness and determination that made Dream laugh.

He made sure to keep an eye-on the boy as put the pot with butter over the stove, turning it on the lowest heat temperature and waiting for it to melt down, knowing full-well it would most likely take less than a minute.

Even so, he decided it was the best time to check his phone. While it looked like it was broken and smashed and perhaps been crushed by multiple monster trucks, it was still working well enough (thank god for Sam’s expertise).

There was only one notification and it was from Punz.

*Punzo: where are u? purp was annoyed you woke up so early and is now bothering me*

*Dream: Looong story*

*Punz is typing...*

*Punzo: Does this ‘long story’ include riding your bike for long distances, at a fast speed?*

*Dream: I’m feeling fine today. asshole*

*Dream: Just don’t snitch Sam*

*Dream: Pls, i’m begging*

*Punzo: Nah*

*Punzo: Rather he go all mother bear on you instead of me*

Dream felt a chill running through his spine, *it felt like death touched him for a moment.*

*Dream: traitor*

*Dream: Tell him i have my pills on me and to chill*

If he didn't die first he was pretty sure it would be from Sam.

(Murphy's law is so true- and this day was a prime example of it.)

Tubbo just finished as Dream finished drop the temperature on the stove and took off the bowl of melted butter.

"I did it! Nothing spilled! See!" He showed off the bowl, filled with all the agreements with little to no mess around it, looking quite proudly.

Dream smiled, putting the phone back on his packet, "Good job!" He messed with the kid's hair before he checked and poured the melted butter into a smaller bowl, not noticing the initial pride and encouragement the kid glowed in from the praise.

"Okay, do you want to mix as well? Or do you want to pour the egg and butter?"

"Mix!" He chirped.

Dream began to pour in the butter and cracked the egg, soon Tubbo began to stir, this time clearly a bit slower than before.

"You're really stirring, don't you?" Dream chuckled, leaning onto the counter.

"It's fun, I like all the cooking and baking stuff!" Tubbo said chirped

"Do you cook often?"

The kid's face pouted, looking annoyed, "No, my brothers never let me! They say it is too 'DaNgEroUs'"

"I mean they aren't wrong?" Dream snickered, gaining a glare from the shorter boy.

"How is something dangerous if it is so fun!"

"I mean I didn't start baking and cooking alone until I was like, what, around ten?" along with sweeping, washing dishes, laundry, groceries, and emotional support, "And I don't think that was the brightest idea."

"Why's that?" Tubbo's stop stirring.

"Cause-" Dream dramatically shows off the back of his hand, "That's how I got this scar!"

It reached to the outer of his pointing finger to his thumb.

"Got burnt soo many times while cooking, this one is permanent though"

"How did ya get it?" Looking a bit at awe.

"Boiling water, tried making cup noodles and my dumbass spilled some."

"Wow, thats super dumb."

Dream laughed at the comment. Yeah, it was for sure one of the dummer ways he have gotten scars.

"You're done?" Dream said pointing at the bowl.

“Yep! And no spills,” Tubbo said proudly.

“That's great! You did a great job.” Dream said, grabbing the bowl from the proud boy. “Call your brothers down, your guys ‘bribery’ is almost done.”

The boy nodded and ran off to somewhere. Leaving Dream grab a pan and place onto the stove, turning it on and then griddle it with butter before placing the batter in.

This wasn't so bad, while perhaps losing time and practically being held hostage by a couple of nine-year olds, Dream was doing okay.

He was fine.

Dream felt a buzz from his phone.

*Sam: Call me*

Nevermind.

Dream is a dead man.

## Chapter End Notes

I stole the pancake recipe from here!

<https://www.allrecipes.com/recipe/21014/good-old-fashioned-pancakes/>

I cannot promise weekly chapters, but perhaps bi-weekly?

edit, edit, EDIT! I am editing all these chapters by the end of this week, well hopefully  
QwQ

Sorry for the short chapter, next chapter might be a bit short aswell so let me apologize  
before hand ;-;

ANYWAYS-

Requests are open! I hope you have a good day and enjoyed today's chapter! :D





## Discontinued

WELLL....

I'm sorry ToT

I am discontinuing and I am sorry for not doing it sooner

I am not in the fandom anymore, shit happened that lead to me feeling bittersweet whenever I see anything DSMP related. I have improved in my writing and still have all the shiny ideas and love I had for this story, i even still have some motivation to write it because I do love this story and what I was gonna do with it.

But because of my relationship with a certain person I knew when I was in this fandom has ended, I cannot deal with it. Their love inspired me to write shitty fanfics and even attempt to write my own works but we're broken off now that whenever I see this fandom I just feel a sort of bittersweetness to it. it even pains me to watch the new lore videos that I used to watch with them and waited for.

Then the Technoblade news with his cancer made think it was inappropriate to write a story about chronic illness and death. Then his actual death happened, and fuck I was so over it.

This fic wasn't long but I hoped it may ppl happy reading it

I hoped the quackity stream was epic and finally George meet up with dream is all that we waited for

This cringe DSMP fan is moving on and I hope you understand :)

# Events That Was gonna happen

## Chapter Summary

Unsure if that is the right word but here ya go, all the shit that was gonna be made but weren't lol

TW//// A WHOLE LOT OF TRIGGERING CONTENT

- ABUSE

- DEATH

-ACCEPTANCE OF DEATH

-DRUG USE

- AND POSSIBLE MORE SHIT I CAN'T REMEMBER

## Chapter Notes

I am just typing what comes to memory so sorry if wanky lol

This wasn't all of the ideas I had but it is a majority of them lol

oh all of them are all for grabs so take what you want if you want for your own lol :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## The boys (toms ran tubs wil tech)

- Schlatt was gonna be tubbo's bio dad
- Toms bonded with a racoon but dream was like “no” and so they let it go
- Toms was gonna get a pet spider who Wilbur fucking hated
- a lot of plot lines with dream putting will and tech in their place as they were low-key neglectful in this fic lol
- shitty teacher that was mean towards tubbo (foreshadowed in ch1)
- dream going to one of their plays instead of tech and will cause THEY WERE THE WORST FUCKING BROTHERS IN THIS FIC
- a lot of trauma relating towards babysitters, one with a lady stuffing them into a closet and locking them in
- wil being really fucking flirty towards dream but sam cocking blocking it all
- Sam and Punz really fucking hated Wilbur here lol
- Family therapy did happened lol
- Techno got Dream to be his secretary
- Dream and tech actually had a very one sided rivalry that made dream lowkey hate techno in the beginning
- It was something funny but i forgot lol
- Dream was a fan of wil when they were teenagers, wil had underground concerts that fundy often took dream to and dream adored his music
- Will was the rebellious teen, while tech was the quiet

- OH SHIT I FORGOT I KILLED OFF SKEPPY IN THIS FIC AND I THINK THAT WAS A REASON FOR DREAM AND TECH RIVALRY I THINK (more on that on the red egg sec)
- Toms ran tub running away and wanting to live with dream instead but dream is like ‘sorry, i’m poor ToT’
- Dream was considered their mom due to never really knowing theirs
- Tubs was adopted cause schlatt couldn’t handle and ran was adopted due to phil finding him
- Ran was abused by having his head dunked into a sink filled with water
- Tubbo hates firework and was hit by one
- Conflict with techno being upset that the kids would prefer dream’s company over his
- Wil and tech understanding they fucked up
- Will and tech being over possessive of phil’s shit thus causing the greiving process to be more difficult for the kids
- Wil and tech’s grieving being more difficult than the kids lol
- Tubs did piano
- Dream teaching them how to use a skateboard
- Tommy being jealous of purpled
- Purpled and tommy rivalry
- Each of them were gonna be a symbolize the five stages of grief
- Tubs- denial, ran- barding (thinking if he was a good kid bad shit would have not happened), tom - anger, Wil and Tech - depression, and dream would symbolize acceptance
- To this day i am unsure how i would have killed off phil in this story

## LOVE HAREM

- Wil was so not end game, like at all
- A lot of sweet moment with music tho
- Do not remember much for what i was gonna do for sap and george
- They were lowkey ass friends tho
- They known each other since 7th grade and were really brothered by fundy and stoped talking to dream for a while before they broke up
- Fundy had a lot of lore and that was gonna be made into the backstory fic that was planned
- Unsure how they met but they dated since 8th middle school up until junior year
- A lot of talk about future and shit or something idk
- And also consent and taking it slow and stuff
- Corpse was probably gonna be end game, he was gonna be the boy's music teacher who dream meet when picking the boys up
- He was also gonna be older and probably was not approved lol
- He was really sweet tho

## RED EGG GANG

- Red Egg gang plotline, Punz Bad Skeppy Ant and a few others were gonna be apart of it
- their leader was an Oc who I made Hannah's older brother (she was gonna be the same age as purpled)
- This was gonna be sorta centered in a backstory fic I was planning

- Sam was part of but left first bc he got jobs to support his fam, Punz stayed for a while before a rival gang raided their old house with dream and purple inside
- A bit after ether a gang fight happened that got skeppy go into a coma or a drug overdose
- Red egg was the reason for skeppy end and was sent to jail and at the present time was released
- Techno and skep was close and this hurt him BADLY
- Skep was a rich kid too
- Techno doesn't like Bad cause of this
- Was gonna copy a scene from the outsiders where dream got jumped and almost stabbed by a rival gang and instead gets a scar across his lip
- Red egg leader was creepy towards dream
- A scene where while trying to convince punz to join again he got socked by sam when he made a comment towards dream
- He was a good brother towards hannah tho, so take that as you will

### **Sam Punz Purp Dream backstory**

- Puffy died from illness that dream has and dream was sent off to his grandparents (who were shit) and later ended up living with sam and punz and purpled
- niki was also his mom and foolish was his (adoptive) brother, bc technically dream was the grandparents only bio grandchild they only took dream
- Thought about adding the plot twist that Phil was dream's dad, but ended not to
- religious trauma on Puffy and Dream cause of their puff's parents
- Purpled and Punz were half or full brother that were abandoned by their mom, purpled did not come into the picture until I think dream was in his teens still
- Their mom once married Sam's dad, who was in the military and hold a lot of power in their town, but then got divorce and abandoned Punz
- Sam's shitty dad dies and they inherit the house and his fucking dept before story
- Punz and Sam meet dream when they were kids, Sam was friends with Foolish as kids
- Dream was a sickly kid in the hospital and so was his mom
- At some point dream and foolish moved when dream and his mom got better
- after puffy's death Dream was somewhat neglected due to Niki's depression and Foolish being angry, thus learned how to cook on his own and was often left alone
- his relationship with niki and foolish was strained when he got older and started to be angry about their situation
- at some point dream was supposed to reconnect with them and foolish and sam end up fucking lol
- Foolish was also suppose to be a dilt lmao, having 2 kids based on the dsmp lore
- Niki owned a cafe with treats that Tommy tubbo and ran boo often went and thus how dream ended up meeting her again

## Dream's illness

- Dream's sickness was hereditary
- Dream towards the middle of the story was gonna be told that his death was coming sooner than later and that he could get a risky surgery (expensive) that would give him more time or just have around 2-3y left
- He doesn't tell anyone and at the end chooses to die to not cause more expensive to his fam
- Yeah this was gonna be in the final arc and it was gonna have a lot of tension
- Somewhere around here he would finally tell wil and tech and gets fired due to them not wanting to see another person their close to die
- Tom ran and tubs don't like this and cue them running away to dream

## Epilog

- Dream was gonna die at the end of series
- It was gonna be from ether illness or from the red egg gang, I haven't decided at that point
- I was even gonna trick ppl by showing the chapter starting off the boys being in hs and dream being their teacher and everything before showing dream dying
- Was gonna have an epilog fic with showing what happened after everything with Purpled being the mc
- Drista, Mamacita and MD were gonna be introduced there
- Gave dream a oc bio dad who was a rich asshole who puffy divorced and ended up fucking up other women lives too lol
- XD was the oldest, Mamacita next and finally Drista, MD is mamacitas bf
- Drista would have came around looking for dream and bumped into purpled who did that one scene in one pice with otama and Luffy being like "He's dead"
- Purp having bitter relations with toms ran and tubs
- At the end of that it would have shown purpled finally started healing from all that shit

## *MISC*

- Punz was gonna be a bouncy and worked with shady ppl
- Also a part time librarian at day time lol
- Dad Sam! He was gonna teach the boys how to knit since dream was shit in it :)

- Also replace dream in some of their babysitting due to health reasons
- dream was gonna buy purp a spaceship from his first paycheck
- Sam acted like a dad towards punz dream and purp and had a fear of ever harming them due to trauma
- he was gonna be BIG, and beefy
- on again and off again with sam and ponk before they stay committed with foolish
- purp angst with feeling neglected due to sam punz dream working a lot
- espeeically with dream since he spent time with other kids
- a lot of cuddles
- To afford his tuition quackity sold drugs, due to some helping from dream from the past dream got a discount for it all
- idk what that was tho
- It wasn't hardcore drugs and sold mostly things that was too expensive for ppl to buy normally, ex- a regularly older lady buying anti-deprssions for her daughter

## Chapter End Notes

Next is just cut chapter

# Potential Chapters/Songs used

## Chapter Summary

what it says lol

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### -Poteintal Episodes/Songs -

#### Songs

- Adventure Time - Island Song
- Adventure Time - Time Adventure
- Adventure Time - Everything Stays
- Adventure Time - Monster
- Shawn Mendes - Show You
- Steven Universe - Drift Away
- Phoebe - Motion Sickness
- Sugar Crash
- Rises The Moon
- Alex G - Treehouse
- Cavetown- Devils Town
- Mitski - First Love/Late Spring
- Mitski - I Bet On Losing Dogs
- The mountain goats - no children
- Mitski - Nobody
- Marina and The Diamonds - Hermit The Frog

#### -Ranboo's Day Out-

Tommy and Tubbo failed their tests, but Ranboo didn't.

So Dream takes him out as a reward as Techno and Wilbur try to tutor Tubbo and Tommy.

Feral boys! Ranboo becomes a member and gains a bit more confidence.

#### -Techno's stresses-

He gets the day-off and therefore tries to take care of the bench trio, without Dream's help. Well this ends badly and Tommy gets injured while in their tree house and when he tries to help, Tommy gets angry. He calls Dream and Dream tries to help, giving advice to Techno after the whole situation.

## Chapter End Notes

lastly is all the delated scenes and maybe rewrite for ch1



## Deleted Scenes

### Chapter Summary

this is the last content for this ever.

This was really unneeded but this is gonna be sorta of my goodbye to this fandom, the final content I will ever touch ever again.

one day I'll come back, maybe when I suddenly get over them but for now this is my final lolololololo

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Rewrite for ch1

Growing up.

A simple concept to grasp, a thing that will come eventually to any person in the world. To come and age to grasp the world around while trying to make a place to fit in it. For any child this is something that they can't wait for, to grow up and do all the things that you cannot do as a child.

Well, how do you know you done it right?

There is something so distinctive about what it means to dream. Or he supposed what it means to be *peacefully* dreaming, whether it is when you're wide awake or deep in slumber. It's a joke how ironic it is to say Dream likes to dream, though it doesn't make it any less wrong.

Living in a consistent limbo of nothing going wrong, a life so linear and simple all a delusion of the perfect life that one wants to live, well if you're able to control it right like Dream did when he was a kid.

Dreaming was *control* for him, waking up from it and snapping to the reality that he lived in.

Though as an adult you never have time to dream, and even when you do you end up forgetting and call them foolish

Living consists of being alive and doing things, some may consider living as doing the things you enjoy as any other way is just wasting your time on earth. While others consider living as making a mark on the world and causing as much havoc for if you don't make any, did you exist at all?

So if that is the real way to truly ever live...

*What the hell is Dream doing? Being a corpse while having a breathing pulse?! A zombie?!!*

"Aughhh" The young man groaned, sounding more zombie than man .

This is Dream, a mess of a man he would sadly have to say. His hair was a dirty blonde (though soon enough it may just all be white soon) with freckles that botched his face, though they were hidden under a white mask with a crappy drawn curve to make it appear as a happy face.

The young adult (almost 19!) has his face buried into his backpack as if it were just a very lumpy but usable pillow (it isn't as he will later find out with a sore neck). Dream really wasn't anything special, he goes to school to study for a better profession and (used to) go to work to get paid for bills.

Perhaps though Dream should give a rest now and again cause right now the case of burn-out and stress he was feeling is not helping his english grade.

His laptop was front and center of the table he was using, revealing a half-baked essay in all of its disappointment for all to shake their head and mock when passing the college's cafeteria, along with Dream's corpse.

"Wow Dream, you look even dead-er than before. When people say words hurt i didn't think they meant murder" A brunette said, the sarcasim dripping off the whole sentence.

"500 words, barley? Ouch." A raven-haired boy commented, leaning onto Dream's shoulder for a better (and scrutinizing) look .

Specifically a pair of assholes who he calls friends.

"Hi guys." He said, not even looking up from his pillow of stress (who would have known how many papers of assignments and late assignments this bad baby could hold).

Dream finally looks up, looking at his two friends taking a seat on opposite sides of Dream.

-

#### **For Chapter 4**

Dream's wasn't sure if he wanted to laugh or cry right now.

-

"What the hell do you mean you "accidentally" got kidnapped by a couple of kids???" The older male said in disbelief.

-

"Okay, maybe the right word is being held hostage. Or wait, perhaps being." Dream responded sarcastically, feeling the headache his brother is going through right now. It doesn't help that he is near hysteria now. "I think we are going to have to wait until the court has made a decision when I get arrested for faking being a babysitter right now!" He said, slightly losing it.

-

The amount of bullshit that Sam has seen during

-

A long sigh came out of Sam's lips.

"Just...How? How does this happen?" Even over call, Dream could tell Sam could not be ever more disappointed.

-

"Long story. Though the short story is ``don't worry about me, I can handle this...mishap."

Tubbo skipped through the hallway out of the kitchen, and onto the stairway towards their bedrooms. Gliding his hand onto some of the sticky walls, making sure to hop over the piles of clothing and random mystery spills.

They had their bedrooms next to each other, he and Ranboo and Tommy, while Techno and Wilbur's bedrooms stayed across from theirs. Down the hallway was...

-

The room

-X-

“You're doing it wrong!”

-

“I am doing it the way the directions say it-”

“It's still wrong, stupid!” Tommy screeched, shaking the table as if he was in a tantrum. “It's the wrong color and stuff inside!”

-

Ranboo holds it still, seething slightly, “Stop it! You're going to destroy it!”

Tommy huffed, giving up trying to fix things and slam himself onto Ranboo's bed.

-

### **Unreleased Backstory Chapter**

Now there are many ways to describe a sibling.

Helpful

Kind

Polite

Well, one way to describe Sam is...

Horrifying.

-

The smell of the sweat and rather uncomfortable stuffiness was almost as normal as daylight to Sam, especially during the summer.

It smells of sweat of the doctors and patients alike, especially with the additional heatwave that was going on. The stuffiness is quite normal, the place was huge as so is the patient amount, even during summer. It would be disgusting if it wasn't for the normalcy of the situation.

If he had to be honest, the most uncomfortable part was the eerie silence that filled the room.

Sam was currently on the patient's table, his arm just finished being wrapped up in a cast, a broken arm from a "tree fall" (that also left some deep purple and yellow bruises on the following arm, ribs, left eye and legs). Their doctor leaves to get some ice and painkillers if needed.

Punz had only a bright purple bruise on his cheek.

"I told you to come home earlier, why didn't you?" Sam said, breaking the silence, feeling annoyed at his younger brother's antics.

The nine-year old just shrugged, not really looking into his eyes and gazing at the floor.

*Sir*, or their dad (well Sam's dad, he's not really Punz's dad) had a partially bad day in which the cherry on top was the

-

*"Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid-"*

Punz needed no protection, he isn't a little kid.

-

It was cold.

Dream was lying on the bench, facing towards the inside as he lay curled up, He could only curl his body around the backpack, holding it tightly to search for any type of warmth or converge that could save him from the rain. His sweater was drenched and any other clothing or item that resides in his backpack was as well, his books and notebooks must be all ruined (George is going to get so mad at him when he sees the book drenched.)

He feels himself shiver like a leaf. He couldn't feel anything but the cold drenching rain. He tried to become numb from the elements, trying to fall asleep as he has a test tomorrow he just couldn't mess up by passing out. He already failed the past two, and got detention for bringing in his wet homework.

He bites his bottom lip, trying to hold any tears that threaten to drop. He wasn't sure if he was succeeding or not as they just blended in the dropping rain.

Dream tried to curl even further, he hoped if he did he would just disappear and everything would be fine again.

He wanted everything to be fine, he wanted to be his mama back, wanted his other mom and Foolish back.

His breath hitches.

Someone is coming.

He's scared.

Dream holds his breath.

*He wasn't here. He wasn't here. He wasn't here. He wasn't here. He wasn't here.*

For god's sake, he wasn't here.

Dream muffles a scream when he feels a rough hand grab his shoulder.

He just freezes.

-

"Hold still-"

Dream let out a disgruntled whine as Punz tried to dry his hair with a towel.

"You look like a wet pomeranian." The icy-blond jokes, finally giving mercy by being a \*tiny bit more gentler.

If Dream could see himself, he would bet Punz would be right

-

## **Mother's Day special**

-Summery -

Everyone is handling Mother's day differently.

-

Tubbo,Tommy and Raboo are confused.

-

Techno and Wilbur try to explain.

-

Punz and Purple make a phone call.

-

Dream makes a visit.

-

-

"BLADE! We need money!" Tommy screeched, pulling on his shirt.

"Uhh for what?"

"For mother's day duh!"

-

"Uhhh you guys never wanted to buy a mother's gift before?"

"Well we do now, now can you PLEASE give us money."

-

-

"Tommy, Dream's isn't your mother."

"I know that, i am not stupid."

"We thought that since he acts like a mom and we already have a dad, we should just buy him a mothers day gift." Tubbo chriped.

-

"You guys have a mom." Wilbur said coolly, though the voice shook a bit. It did go unnoticed by the younger kids who were still looking through the shelves of chocolate and flowers, looking criticizeing.

“We never met her.”

-

Techno stopped what he was doing, the pinkette stiffing up.

### **MSC Deleted Scenes**

The three were an unusual lot. Very unusual.

The three had very messy hair, the blonde had the shortest hair of the three but still very messy. The other two had longer hair, the raven haired had the thinner type of hair but the longest. His hair fell flat but Dream could see the knots and tangles in them the clearest. The shortest boy hair was the one the more fluffy hair, hangs that almost covered his baby blues and the layers were all wild out.

“Okay, first things first, i’m going to need a brush.”

“Yours guys' hair is a mess.”

“Eh? You are not even our babysitter!” Tommy said with a whine.

“I’m your caretaker for a day and having tangled hair is not really the best thing in the world.”

The blonde looked disgruntled.

“I’m not letting *you* touch my hair.” He scowled.

Dream sighs.

“Are you two going to let me?” Dream turned to the other two.

Tubbo shook his head, crossing his arms in a clear agreement with Tommy. Ranboo just stared at Dream with an unknown expression, messing with his gloves. When Dream stared back, he avoided eye contact.



He sighs once again.

“Then, I’m going to clean up. Are guys willing to change out of your pajamas?”

“Do we get to choose what we want to wear?”

“Yeah, just anything you normally wear and not like a halloween or dinosaur costume or something.”

“And if we do wear a dinosaur costume or something?” Tommy said with a challenging smile.

“Then you would look like a dinosaur at the wrong time of the year, or century.” He snorted, gaining a glare from the blonde and a stifled chuckle from the two other boys.

“Fine” He huffed, leaving what Dream presumed is to change, the other two left as well but he noticed the way Ranboo lingered for a while.

Dream began cleaning. Wiping the table from any of the batter or any spills. He began to clear all the materials they used when he saw the black and white haired boy walk in.

He wore white dress shirt with black shorts. It sorta surprised Dream as it seemed a little unusual for what a ten-year would wear.

“Hey buddy, you need something?”

He stayed standing quietly, messing with his sleeve.

Dream stopped for a moment, he knew something was bothering a kid but he shouldn’t push it, the kid looked like he was going to run at any movement.

“Do you want a snack?” The kid shook his head ‘no’.

“Okay, what about a drink?” Another ‘no’.

“Hmm,do you want to go on an adventure and need a sword to take with you?” Dream said in an exaggerated ‘old man npc’ tone.

He noticed the kid brighten up a bit but it was ultimately ‘no’.

“I should have guessed.” Dream laughed, he could hear Sapnap or George calling him a total nerd right about now. (And he was, no point in denying, he was and so were they.), Dream smiled “Hey, take your time,okay? I’m here to help you guys for today.” Dream said sweetly.

Ranboo nodded and left, it caused Dream’s eyebrow to rise but ultimately he went back to work.

Dream was about done, he was picking up the kid’s dishes when he jumped at surprise when he suddenly saw Ranboo behind him and the kid jumping slightly as well.

“Shit,you scared me half to death.” He said in a lighthearted tone.

“S-sorry.”

Another surprise,It was the first time Dream had heard Ranboo’s voice the whole time.

“It's fine, I'm just a scardy cat.” Dream then noticed what he was holding, a brush. “Oh you want me to brush your hair?”

He happily nodded.

“Alright then, just let me put the dishes away and I'll get to it.”

-

They both sat on the sofa, Dream on it while Ranboo was on the floor.

Dream glided the brush through his hair, and tried to be gentle with the knots and where it was particularly messy.

The brushes were soft and calming to Ranboo, he always particularly liked having his hair brushed. He heard Dream humming a tune as he brushed, and Ranboo just happily hummed as well (it sounded more like a purr than an actual tune.)

“Do you want me to make a braid or a ponytail? Or just brush it?”

“B-braid, please.” He said nervously. He really did not want to be too needy or time consuming, He feared he would anger the nice man.

“Alrighty, like a side braid that connects or just one long braid?”

“Whichever is okay.” Ranboo said, a bit more confident.

The way his brothers brushed.... It was quite painful to say the least.

Tommy pulls too many ends and when things get tangled and overall gets bored if it takes too much of his time. The same with Tubbo, but when he sees a knot in his hair he just rips the knots open trying to fix it (and even so Tubbo is not gentle when doing so.)

Wilbur is good enough but when trying to braid it or stylize it, it comes off even less than normal (once he tangled his fingers while making a braid.)

Techno was the best of them all but Ranboo is too afraid to ask him, Ranboo hasn't even seen Techno braid his hair anymore and always puts it in a long ponytail.

(Ranboo misses Phil)

“Done!” The blonde said with a widening smile.

Ranboo ran to the closest mirror, and gasped loudly while admiring the braiding. He connects two of them together and wraps them around while keeping the rest of his hair down.

“Cool, right?”

“Very cool.”

He heard a loud gasp behind him.

“I want one too!” Tubbo asked pulling onto

“I don’t think your hair is long enough-” Tubbo frowned “-but i’ll see what i can do.” Dream quickly added.

Tubbo happily sat down as Dream tried to untangle it.

Ranboo observed the two, sitting on the floor with Tubbo.

“Where did you learn how to braid?” The brunette asked.

Dream’s once bright smile dimmed a bit, turning to a smaller one as he brushed Tubbo’s hair.

“I learned from my moms, I had quite long hair as a kid so they taught me how to braid and such, sometimes they let me practice on theirs haha.” The laugh came off as stale.

“That’s cool, what are your moms like?”

Ranboo notices there is a type of hesitation in Dream, a slight panic almost.

“Uh- They were nice people, incredibly nice. I guess they were like every-other parent, they were loving, kind, and we’re absolutely scary though when they wanted too” Ranboo thinks Tubbo noticed how uncomfortable Dream seemed, seemingly staying quiet as he talked. “Yeah, that pretty much summarizes them.”

Tubbo gave a small laugh.

“We never had a mom, she died.”

“Well I never really had a dad so that must be nice”

“He died.”

Dream began mentally cursing, shit shit shit- He couldn't be talking about death with random children he just met? He cannot deal with this-

FUUUUUUUCK

“I'm sorry to hear that.”

They stayed quiet for a moment.

“I lost one of my mom's as well, it sucks when someone leaves.”

It sucks”???? Who in their right mind says that-

-

“Hey, I thought you were tired?”

The sleepy blonde just stood there, drowsy.

“ ‘am i don't wanna sleep.”

-

“I am going to murder you *Floris* .” Dream growled, pacing back and forth with him pinching the bridge of his nose in annoyance. “I had plans today.”

“I am *so* so sorry, I really did not think this was going to happen.” Even though the man sound remorseful, Dream could hear a small giggle, “I mean you gotta admit, this is pretty funny situation-”

“*Fundy.*”

“I know i know- I am so sorry, uhuh i’ll give them a call, okay? The normal babysitter is probably coming soon. Can you withstand being with the children for now?”

Dream groans.

“Fine, as long as I am able to leave around two,okay?” His voice was filled with frustration, it took everything for him to not bang his head on the wall. “Can you tell me about the kids so I could at least know what I am in for?”

“Oh boy, you're going to *suffer*.” Fundy said with a smirk that Dream could feel over the screen, “These children might as well be the devil spawn.”

“Come on, you cannot be serious.” Dream said in a slightly hysterical voice.

“*I am*, dude, I grew up with Wilbur and Techno, those are the definition of gremlin children.” He laughed

“Tommy is the blonde, loud and anxious, you are definitely going to need to keep on him,think of him as the leader of the trio. Tubbo has the energy that could match Tommy’s but he would kill you from the inside,he is a nice kid but very chaotic, the two are like two holes of one chaotic brat. Ranboo is the better of three evils, his nice kid if not a bit shy but oh boy he is sneaky. He's a good kid if not a bit of a pushover,so I wouldn't worry about him that much. Expect if he really *doesn't* like you.”

“It sounds like i am going to have a*fantastic* time.” Oh god Dream is already having a migraine.

“Pfff you totally are.”

“Oh and by the way-”

“Fundy, who are you talking to?”

“Shit sorry babe, its Dream.”

“Oh shit you're on a date?” Dream said.

“Two month anniversary, that's why I was busy this weekend.”

“Cute, you always go all out.” Dream smiled “Okay just text me back what they say, sorry for interrupting”

“No no this is my fault, i am so sorry for all of this, you still love me?” Fundy laughed.

“You owe me double the dinner.”

“Of course!”

They said their goodbyes, leaving Dream regretting everything.

-

Today's meeting was going as well, Wilbur was calm. Everything was rather smooth going, he and Techno made it to the meeting on time even with their delay of finding out what time, the babysitter came by early and they may even come home early.

Today was good.

All until during a break between the meeting, while finally getting a drink of coffee he gets a hundred messages from his friend about how much Wilbur fucked up and that he needs to answer right now.

When he says a hundred, he means a hundred.

“What did you do to the furry this time?” Techno asked while sipping coffee.

Wilbur ignored his twin and began calling.

The phone buzzed for a couple of seconds before he finally responded.

“YOU GUYS ARE LEGITED THE WORST OLDER BROTHERS EVER!” The dutch yelled so loud that it might as well be on speaker phone. “I AM ALSO INCLUDING TECHNO, DEAR GOD.”

“Heh?”

“Fundy, what the hell are you yelling about?”

“How can you let a complete stranger in your house without checking if they were the actual babysitter? How are you still alive?!?”

“Wait what-”

“I was sending a package via a friend and would you be surprised when they called me saying you basically let them into your house to babysit your brats.”

“Wait-Wait, we did *what* ? You cannot be serious- This must be one of your pranks-”

“NO the actual prank was in the package, i think this would be called a hostage situation or borderline kidnapping right now.” Fundy breaths in

Wilbur sputtered.

“I thought he was a babysitter! How-Who the hell comes to deliver a package at 10AM!?”

“A busy person like him! Look, you guys actually hired a regular babysitter right? When are they coming so i could at least tell him, he is probably pulling hairs about now.”

Wilbur is fucking melting, he left a complete stranger with his little brothers, holy fucking hell Phil and their mom are rolling in his grave about now.

“UH- He should have been there by now!”

“Well he clearly wasn’t if he called only a couple moments ago!”

-

The babysitter actually did come.

Unfortunately, Tommy came first.

“Eh, who are you?” Tommy rudely said, chewing on his ‘golden’ apple-sliced pancake.



Dream was in the kitchen, distracted with cleaning to notice that someone had come around.

“Hi kiddo! I’m your babysitter-”

“Not anymore, you’re fired.”

Tommy just slammed the door and continued on with his day.

“Hey Tommy, who was at the door.”

“Somebody.”

Dream just shrugged it off and carried on making them dinner.

-

“I have good news and bad news.”

“*Fundy.*” he growled.

“Good News, I now owe you three dinners.”

“I. am. going. to. kill. you.”

“I am so sorry something just happened with the babysitter that for some reason he just didn’t come.”

-

The babysitter did in fact come around for a second time that day.

Dream was a bit busy grabbing Tommy’s discs, so he did not know it happened.

But this time it was one braided boy who came to open the door.

The babysitter sat there looking a bit confused, looking at the addresses.

“Uh hi, is this the Minecraft residents? I’m pretty sure this is the address.”

Ranboo just shook his head no before slamming the door in his face.

He finally got someone to braid his hair and was genuinely nice to him, he was **not** going to waste it now.

Ranboo's spine definitely evolved from a elclar to at least a stale one.

-

Tubbo opened the door, seeing a somewhat boring looking man with a smile.

"Hi kiddo! I'm here to babysit you and your-"

"You got the wrong house address." The brunette smiled brightly

"Uhh- are you sure? Isn't this-"

He shook his head.

"Nope, we have *our* babysitter." The brunette gave a toothy smile.

-

"Why are we doing this?" Ranboo asked, a deadplanned expression clearly shown even though hidden by his sunglasses.

"Cause', why not?" Tommy smirked.

Tommy was holding a bat as Ranboo was positioned in front of him holding the ball in-hand to throw. They were standing in front of their pantry, waiting for Tubbo and their recent victim to come out.

Tommy thought it would be a good time to show off his (and he suppose Ranboo and Tubbo's) new baseball equipment they got from their uncle Schlatt to their new 'babysitter' (would they even call him their babysitter? He is like a temp-babysitter, or robber/murder if that horror movie was right.)

"This seems stupid, he seems pretty nice..."

Tommy just glares.

“Yeah and so was the other one, and we ended up in a locked closet while she was kissing her ugly boyfriend.” He snorted, Ranboo stayed silent after that.

He knew he had a freshly new reputation of making babysitters quit (why would they even need babysitters? Their big men!). It wasn't his fault all of them were bastard assholes, even the ones that were supposed to be 'nice'.

Perhaps Tommy was 'Satan's spawn' they all talked about, it's not like he cares.

It's not like he cares at all.

He hears the door open and smirks, sure this wasn't his *best* work ever but still, it is better than anything.

Maybe this try they would actually stay at home alone.

“Go!”

Ranboo throws, and he hits as hard as he can.

## Chapter End Notes

You would probably see me again in the Tokyo revengers fandom, their are a few fics there I have written so maybe you would recognize me already? :)

lol who knows

till we meet again, have a good day guys and you have been amazing :DDD

## End Notes

I believe in Dif/Milf Dream supremacy/j

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!